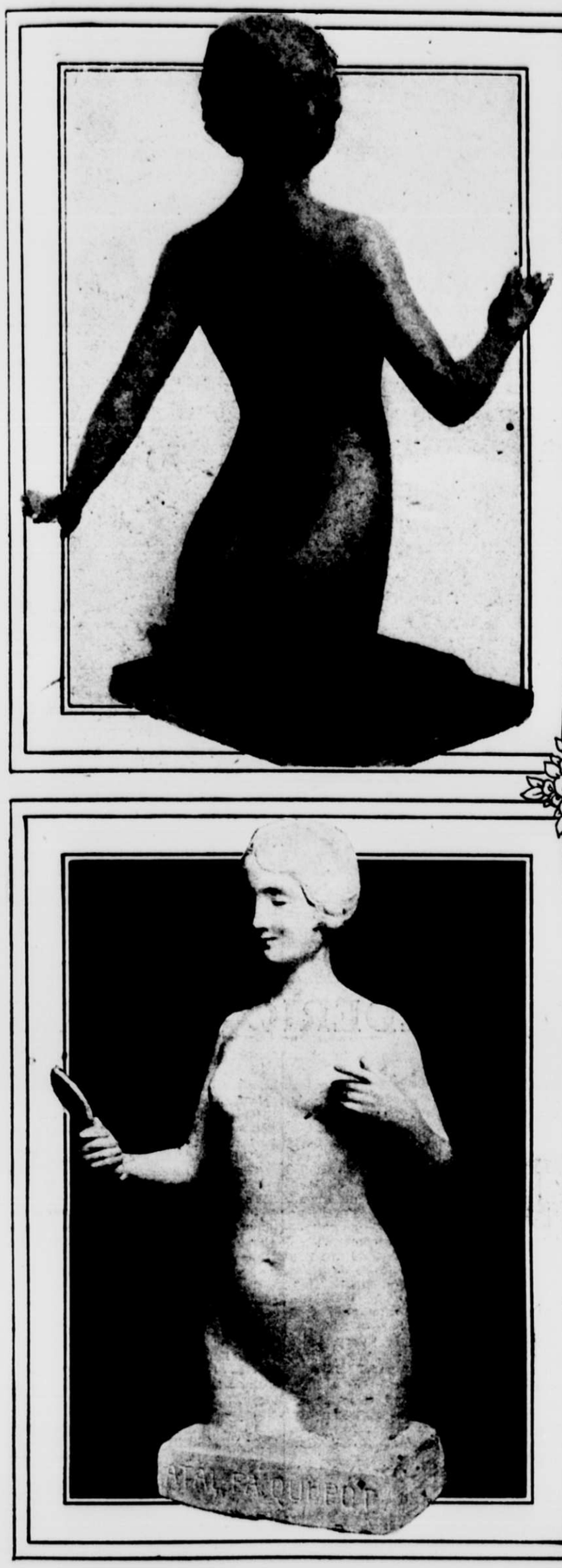
COMPETE TO OBTAIN NEW SILHOUETTE FOR DRESSMAKERS

French Sculptors Hope to Win Prizes Offered for New Figure for Fashion Makers—Exhibition Causes Sensation in Paris



This magnificent gown by Tollmann of Paris.

Rose taffeta with pleatings of maline and garland of roses.

A remarkable exhibition which is causing a sensation in the French Capital is now being held at the Grand Palais, Paris. A number of prominent French sculptors, among whom are M. Antoun Merie, M. Roybet, M. Ingelbert, and M. St. Mariaux, have endeavored to give the dressmakers of Paris a new figure on which to model their fashions. Believing the elf form still in use is now obsolete, these sculptors have offered three prizes, one of $300, one of $200 and one of $100, to be awarded to the three artists who submit the three best models. The above photographs show some of the most striking models submitted.

HUMAN SIDE OF THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED—

Personal Characteristics Noted by an Investigator of the City's Guests Which Seemed More Interesting Than the Statistics Collected

IN the present discussion concerning the unemployed one thing some people have lost sight of is that after all men are human. To one of the members of the Mayor's commission the unemployed showed themselves very human and a great deal more appealing and interesting than any data which they furnished.

In addition to employing a large number of them at snow shovelling and to opening piers as annexes of the Municipal Lodging House the city attempted a solution of greater permanance. This was answering the question of "Why are the unemployed?" by finding the answer to the question "What are the unemployed?" Mayor Mitchel asked Commissioner Kingsbury to appoint a commission consisting of physicians and psychologists to investigate the physical and mental conditions of the unemployed and to determine how far defectiveness is a cause of unemployment.

Of course only those men could be examined who were in the reach of the Department of Charities and the men investigated were taken from among those who slept in the Municipal Lodging House during the three weeks the commission was at work. So that while Tannenbaum and O'Connell and their fellow workers of Rutgers Square were making headlines and scaring ministers some of those who had remained unaffected by their oratory helped the commission by stripping for the doctor and trying to do things a child of 12 ought to know how to do.

There were about 2,000 of them altogether. They were given a physical examination, and about one in ten was subjected to a psychological test. Of course they received the customary washing and feeding before they went on with the data.

The applicants for the city's bounty were seated at a desk, where they have to give their names and references and other details. They then pass on to the dining room, where they are served white bread and coffee at clean white tables piled high with bread and butter. The long tables some sit in silence with a strange stolidity, and others up somewhat in the light of strange neighborly remarks.

When they are through eating they go to the disrobing room and their clothes are taken on rack trucks to the fumigating room to pass the night in a purging by the grace of formaldehyde. Meanwhile the men receive the compulsory bath—there is no escape. It is by no means perfunctory and every one must pass through the ordeal by green soap. An attendant with a can of green soap puts a dab of it on each man's head with a stick, and it takes some time to get rid of it while the shower does its work.

Whipped into brightness and a smile by the shower, the sick, the weary, the hungry, the drunk, the wretched and the vicious march off in their clean night gowns to their rooms.

During the period of the investigation the men got even less sleep than usual. They went first to the physical inspection, and after being examined and having their physical and social histories taken those selected went to mental testing rooms. As all the psychologists on the commission were women the men were arrayed in bathrobes of scarlet of unaccustomed splendor. They wore them quite proudly as they carried their data sheets into the little rooms which served as laboratories.

The investigator sat behind a table opposite the door and greeted the subject with a smile and a request to take the other chair in the room. The strange ceremony followed, and the way in which the men participated was always a useful indication as to mental condition and very often amusing and very human. Some took it with curiosity; some with indifference; some as if enduring a necessary evil with promise of peace at the end; some sullenly; some good naturedly; some were impatient and querulous; some nervous and a little scared.

The test given was that known as the Binet test, named after the French psychologist who invented it. With the neurological and physical tests alone the examining physician could tell fairly well whether the subject was mentally defective, but this Binet test corroborates the other data and gives approximately the amount of the defectiveness.

The principle of the test is very simple and consists merely in asking the subject to do certain things which are graded by years. Thus, for instance, Binet experimented with a large number of children 10 years old and found out what a child of that age could normally be expected to be able to do irrespective of training or education. A series of questions and problems was formulated for each year up to 12. There are tests for fifteen-year-old children and for adults, but these are unreliable, as training must necessarily affect the result. If a man can pass the 12 and 11 year tests he is considered an adult; if not he is considered defective.

The men in most cases showed signs of petulance at being asked childish questions and at the same time some were so weary that the problems were tiresome and difficult.

"Wotcher think this is, a kindergarten? Wotcher think I came here for? I ain't no kid. I'm a grown-up. I—why I had kids who could do these here things. I came here to sleep and here y' are keeping me up late worryin'. I s'pose I ain't got no kick comin'. The city's givin' me it fer nothin'—but it's makin' it mighty hard. Oh, well, all right."

After a few minutes one burst out: "Gee, this is harder than a civil service exam. Yer got to be a genius."

"Why, have you taken a civil service exam.? What for?"

"Fireman."

"Did you pass?"

The man remained silent.

The tests began with the 12 year one and went back in age. For each age there were five problems and four out of the five answered normally admitted the men to that age. Memory is one of the first things to show in defectiveness and the men were tried at repeating three sets of seven figures each after the investigator had given them out slowly. The majority of the men were normal in this and they found the test embarrassing, annoying or too much beneath them.

In the second test the men had the opportunity for laying bare their very souls. It seemed strange, even at the time, that so very few were filled with bitterness, or perhaps it was because they could not express it. Whoever made up the original question could never have foreseen the slashing irony of its application.

"What is justice?"

"Law," answered most. "Police," "Square deal," answered others.

"How should I know—ain't never seen it." That was the cynic.

"What is goodness?"

"Bein' good," "Keepin' quiet," "Bein' kind hearted," was the general run of the answers. The answers were always vaguer than the abstractions they were defining.

"What is charity?"

The investigator was always expecting some outburst of bitterness or at least a wail. She wondered what one of the members of the I. W. W. would have answered had he deigned to come to the Municipal Lodging House. But even "charity" could not break down the wall of sullenness and resignation that appeared to surround every man's spirit. And yet many of them wore that strange subdued smile of naive cynicism which always looked as if it might suddenly get voice and sneer itself out.

"What is charity?"

"Kindness," "Doin' good to the poor," "Givin' money," "Gettin' something from rich people."

"Bread line," one muttered in a half inaudible voice.

"Rich man's crumbs."

"Givin' something away yer got too much of."

"The way we got stung," the cynic answered disgustedly.

Many of the men complained of being very nervous and some certainly looked and acted as if they were. One, a very earnest, intelligent looking man with light hair, complained of being very tired. He must have been a Swede and spoke with a slight accent. He said he had been shovelling snow all day and his back pained; he wasn't used to such work. Yet, he said, he was glad there was snow, and something like gratitude came into his blue eyes.

One man was rather queer in coming in and sat down awkwardly when asked. The investigator as soon as she saw him was a trifle sorry she had not followed the example of one of her colleagues who had shifted the table around so that she sat near the door while the subject was at the other end of the room. The psychologist wondered why the doctors had not kept their promise not to send in any drunken men; but there must have been a slip somewhere. The thing soon became distressingly obvious, as the room was small and the window closed. The investigator tried to put the man at ease and began asking questions. He was a heavy, red jowled fellow.

The man took the whole thing good naturedly.

"Yer see, I'm very nervous tonight. I can't do very well. I was out on the drunk all day and, of course—yer—yer knows how it feels, miss."

The investigator did not, but nodded sympathetically and was glad that the shower had brightened things up a little.

The man was very fidgety and his good nature lasted only a few minutes. Then he began to balk at the questions.

"Repeat this sentence after me. Now listen very carefully."

"For Gawd's sake, when're yer goin' ter finish?" He got up jerkily and waved his arms with an expression of hopeless disgust and ennui on his face.

"Come now, Mr. Connolly, we're near the end—you don't want to go and spoil it, do you? The sooner you're through the sooner you'll get to bed. There, that's right."

"All right, miss," and he sat down again with a grin.

But in two minutes he repeated the ceremony.

Some of those who insisted that the I. W. W. raids on the churches were the result only of agitation on the part of Tannenbaum, Wisotsky, O'Carroll, Mormour and Belmont and that the unemployed were merely a weak, spiritless horde, blinded and dragged by leaders, would have been surprised at the results obtained in the next test. This was to determine approximately how susceptible the subject was, how easily led into thinking a thing by the force of suggestion from a stronger mind.

The test consisted of showing the subject one at a time a number of cards on each of which were drawn two lines. On some they were and on others they were not of equal length. The psychologist showed first a card on which the lines were unequal and asked, "Which line is longer?" The answer, as the difference in length was plain, was always correct. Then the psychologist presented the cards one after another asking in the same tone of voice, "Which is longer here?" "Now this," "And this," "And this." The defective showed a tendency toward seeing one line longer even though it really was the same length as the other.

The fifth test for a twelve-year-old child consisted of some problems absurdly simple.

"I went into the woods and saw something hanging on a tree. What was it?"

"Leaves," "Apples," "Fruit," were the most common answers. But many were inclined to the gruesome and answered, "A dead man."

The tests for eleven-year-old children gave sometimes even more amusing answers. The absurdity test stunned some of the men.

"I'm going to tell you something absurd; see if you can tell me what is the matter with it. There was an unfortunate painter who one day fell off a ladder and wasn't hurt. What's absurd about that?"

The drunken one got tired of answering.

"Gee's, I'm goin' er ask you a question, now. Now, yer listen here very carefully an' tell me wot's absoid. Suppose I went on the roof and fell—where would I fall?" He smiled triumphantly at the investigator and was in good humor for the rest of the test. This man failed to pass enough tests and was classed as defective.

"I have three sisters, Ann, Mary and myself; what's absurd in that?" This puzzled a number for some seconds.

"There was a slight railroad accident—only forty-eight got killed. What's absurd in that?"

"They shouldn't a been on that there train," one answered.

"If I should want to commit suicide I should never choose Friday, the 13th. What's absurd in that?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed one man. "Why, if you do you must expect to go to hell."

The next test was putting three words into a sentence—"New York," "money" and "river." They were allowed one minute. One man thought for almost that time. "In New York men throw money in the river." Then he laughed, and added, "like fun."

Then came a test which was difficult for many. This giving three rhymes to each of three words. Some, apparently, did not know what a rhyme was.

The man of the drunk got mixed in his literary technique.

"Give three words that rhyme with night." He thought hard and then said "Beer, glass, cop."

The men were then asked to say words, just to say them until told to stop. This was to be kept up for three minutes and normal children should get in at least sixty words in that period. The test was to discover some of the things on the men's minds, also their educational condition.

One man—he was asthmatic—complained that he was very nervous and had to be coaxed every twenty seconds.

"Shillings, pence, half, price, sale, shop • • •" he went on haltingly and breathing hard. He repeated the word "shillings" several times.

"You're an Englishman, aren't you?"

"Yes, miss."

"Have you been here long?"

"No, miss. Two years. I wasn't unemployed there. I had a little shop and did fine. But you see, my wife, you see, she went off. You see, everything got in a poor way. Came here. Can't do much." With his weak, blue eyes, pale, little face and straw hair he looked it.

One man, a tall, husky, brown-faced man with an incongruously wild voice gave the names of a lot of parts of speech: "Participle, adverbs, preposition."

"You must have gone to school long."

"Yes, I went to high school."

"Well, go on."

"School, Boston, bay, harbor, American, federation, labor."

"What do you know about the American Federation of Labor."

"I belong to it. I carry a card. Out of work because the bay's frozen."

"What union?"

"Longshoreman. No, I ain't none of those I. W. W.'s."

"Don't you like the I. W. W.?"

"You betcher. I scrapped with them. I was in the militia in the Lawrence strike. I seen enough of them there. Bunch of foreigners."

This American was the last man to be tested and the investigator left him at the door. She wondered how the A. F. of L. was better than the I. W. W. for this man as she went toward the elevator.

The elevator man came to the floor and as the door was opening she felt herself gripped about the shoulders and turned around. She saw an attendant who smiled at her.

"Don't look that way, please," he said sharply.

Then behind her she heard the patter of the bare feet of the men. They were in their nightgowns and were going to the sleep which the city gave them.